

# SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. XX.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1892.

NO. 76

## LIBERTY, CASEY COUNTY.

Thomas C. Conliss was tried before Judge Myers last Tuesday on a writ de lunatico insiprando and was judged insane. He was taken to the Anchorage Asylum Wednesday by Jailer John T. Brown and County Attorney Q. C. Godfrey. Typhoid fever was said to be the cause of his unfortunate condition.

Cleveland's friends had one of the greatest jollifications here on Saturday night ever known in the history of Liberty. It is true the the crowd was not extremely large, but what they lacked in size was made up in enthusiasm. The Middleburg band was here delivering the finest of music. The bands of the republicans were warmly shaken by their Cleveland friends. The democratic houses were illuminated. It was the first illumination the writer has witnessed since 1848, at which time it was a sign of the downfall of Lewis Cass and the exaltation of Zachary Taylor. A torchlight procession was formed and marched through all the principal public squares and streets of Liberty. A meeting was held at the court-house and George E. Stone went through the motion of addressing it, but there was so much applause that nobody could tell whether George said anything to the purpose or not. Among the conabinous men in the Middleburg delegation was the silver-haired veteran in the cause, H. H. McAninch. It is not known whether Uncle "How" is aspiring for a position in the cabinet or not. His long devoted service to the party entitles him to consideration. Everything passed off pleasantly, notwithstanding many of the opposite persuasion felt a little sore on the National contest while they were jubilant over the county race. It is said a big "to do" will be held at Middleburg Tuesday night.

## CHURCH AFFAIRS.

Prof. T. M. Hawes, the well-known eloquentist, has been licensed to the Presbyterian ministry.

Bishop W. H. Miles, the senior official of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, died in Louisville.

G. H. Harris, pastor of the Universalist church at North Orange, Mass., committed suicide by shooting himself. No reason is assigned for the rash deed.

Rev. and Mrs. A. V. Sizemore have returned from the Baptist Association at Covington. The body will meet next year in Lebanon, on the 3d Saturday in October.

Sam Jones has just closed a 10 days' meeting at Clarksville, Tenn., in which it is said great good was done. A saloon-keeper who was converted has closed doors, a race horse man there will dispose of his string and lead a better life and many other persons are wonderfully changed.

The Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union of America is in session at Memphis.

Mr. Swarthout, a prominent citizen of Lyndown township, Ill., was shot and killed in his stable. His body was wheeled to a straw stack 100 yards away and the attack set on fire. His two sons are accused of the horrible deed.

While their sister's wedding reception was in progress at Cleveland, O., Frank Murphy cut the throat of his brother William from ear to ear, killing him instantly. Frank had refused to take part in the festivities and it was while his brother was trying to get him to join the guests that the killing took place.

Collector Peter Brown levied upon some land and advertised it for sale at court-house door, in Graysboro, Carter county, the levy being made in order to collect money to pay the railroad tax indebtedness of the county. Three hundred men rode into town at the time advertised for the sale and induced Collector Brown to not only forego the sale, but to also resign his position as collector.

Dr. G. GOLDSTEIN, the famous Optician of Louisville, will be at Stanford on Monday, Nov. 21, and remain only two days. Those who are in need of a pair of good glasses should avail themselves of this opportunity to get their eyes examined free of charge. Dr. Goldstein is a graduate of Dr. Bucklin's School of Optics, of New York, and stands second to none in his profession. He has been here before and gave universal satisfaction. He can refer to the best people of this town as to his skill as a practical and reputable optician. Can be consulted at the Coffey House from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. each day.

Y. M. C. A. Official—"Well, Charles, did you read the Bible through, as I suggested?"

Young Man—"Oh, yes."

Official—"Didn't you get a good deal of information from it?"

Young man—"Not much. Most of them sayings are chestnuts."

The working girl clubs of Boston held a meeting Sunday and resolved to petition the city council to withhold licenses from all theatrical companies displaying posters picturing women in tights.

## MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

White & King are putting in a corn grinding mill at this place.

Rev. John Carnie lately closed a meeting at Flat Lick with 22 additions.

Mr. M. C. Williams' family, who have been afflicted with diphtheria, are rapidly recovering.

The majorities in this county at the late election were as follows: Harrison 287, Holt 296, Mullins, republican, for sheriff, 287.

Mr. William M. Weber, a retired business man of this place, had his leg broken near the ankle, a few days since, while moving a barrel in his smokehouse.

The boys celebrated last Saturday night with anvils, &c. At 9 o'clock a big time was had. Eight anvils were kept going for hours and enthusiasm was rampant.

Candidates for the post offices are thicker than June bugs in blackberry time. This place can boast of at least 10, Brodhead as many and other offices in the county in proportion.

Judge Lair, E. A. Herrin, D. C. Poynter and James Maret were the guests of Mr. Thomas Taylor, last Saturday, to partake of an opossum dinner. It is needless to say that all enjoyed themselves.

Mrs. Anna Miller, of Zanesville, has returned home after a short visit to relatives here. Capt. R. L. Myers is in from Woodbine. Mr. G. W. Baker and family, of London, were here during the week. A Miss Pennington was adjudged a beauty last week and sent to Lexington. Mr. John Pearl stopped off here on his way home from Louisville.

Joseph Howard, who shot and fatally wounded Bruce Wilmett at Brodhead, some time since, has sufficiently recovered from the wound he received from Wilmett's pistol to be brought to jail here, though he had to be carried on a cot. Wednesday he was brought out on a writ of habeas corpus and his attorney, C. C. Williams, announced ready for trial. The commonwealth not being ready the case was continued until next Monday.

## KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY.

Two brown heads with laughing curly, Red lips shutting over pearls,

Hare feet white and wet with dew,

Two eyes black and two eyes blue,

Little boy and girl were they,

Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook, Bending like a shepherd's crook,

Flashed its silver, and thick ranks

Off green willow fringed its banks;

Half in thought and half in play,

Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red,

Like a taller—ain't a head;

She, with arms like wreaths of snow,

Swings a basket to and fro,

As she lolled, half in play,

Chattering to Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said,

And there came a dash of red

Through the brownness of his cheek—

"Boys are strong and girls are weak,

And I'll carry, so I will,

Katle's basket up the hill."

Katle answered with a laugh,

"You shall carry only half!"

And then losing back her curls,

"Boys are weak as well as girls."

Do you think that Katle guessed

Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,

Hearts don't change much after all,

And when long years from that day,

Katie Lee and Willie Grey

Stood a gain beside the brook,

Bending like a shepherd's crook

Is it strange that Willie had,

While again a dash of red

Crossed the brownness of his cheek—

I am strong and you are weak,

Life is but a slippery steep,

Hung with shadows cold and deep.

Will you trust me, Katie dear,

Walk beside me without fear,

May I carry, if I will,

All your burdens up the hill?"

And she answered with a laugh,

"No, but you may carry half!"

There beside the little brook,

Bending like a shepherd's crook

Washing with his silver bands

Late and early at the sands,

In a cottage, where to day

Katle lives with Willie Grey.

In the porch she sits, and lots

Swing a basket to and fro,

Vastly different from the one

That she swung in years ago;

This is long, and deep and wide,

And has—rocks on the side.

From the selections of the editor's dear, dead wife, and printed in loving memory of her.

## MIDDLEBURG.

A. H. Humphrey's school closed Friday.

A peculiar type of sore eyes is going the rounds in this vicinity, peculiar in that it invariably attacks the left eye first.

Mrs. John Wilcher, Mrs. J. C. Coulter and Miss Lucy Swope attended the democratic jubilee at Liberty last Saturday night.

While the Yosemitic democrats were "jubilating" a few nights ago in a sneaky republican hall, "Hurrrah for Casey!" J. S. Davis, a staunch democrat, rebuked them by saying "Damn Casey. She wouldn't make an onion patch."

The election here was not as quiet as might have been by a jing full. A war of words took place early in the day between Dr. J. C. Dye and his son, Willford, on one side, and J. C. Coulter and John Wilcher on the other, which but for the prompt interference of friends, might have resulted badly, but quiet was restored and everything went smoothly until late in the afternoon the republicans attempted to force Isaac Burdett, an old negro, who looks like anything else but a human being, to head the line formed in front of the voting room. This was regarded by the democrats as an insult and they seemed determined that he should take his place in the rear like other men and vote when his turn came. His words were passed, when Frank Wells, a republican who is possessed of much more glib than brains, gave Nelson Wilcher the 4-in-4. He got a spot for his impudence. A regular Sullivan and Corbett knock-down tool place, but they were separated after the second round before either of them was much hurt. There was plenty of whisky on the ground and more real drunk men than I ever saw at an election here before. Everyone seems well pleased with the kangaroo ballot, notwithstanding the republicans elected their entire ticket. We all feel just as happy as a big sunflower.

## JUNCTION CITY.

B. R. Burchell, of Danville, as usual made his regular Sunday evening's visit to town to place to see his little beauty.

We organized a brass band here a few nights ago and are practicing most every night, so it will not be long before we can have good music as our neighboring towns.

Elder J. Q. Montgomery, assisted by Charles Powell, is holding a protracted meeting here, but the crowds have been very small on account of the election. It is hoped there will be more interest shown now.

Miss Lillie Shannon, one of our attractive beauties, has been sick for a few days, but is out again. Miss Mollie Beasley, one of the business young ladies of the Tribble House, has gone to spend a few days with her sister in Somerset. J. P. Hanna has been at his home in Cincinnati for the last week attending the election, but has returned to his large planing mill, bringing with him several of Cincinnati's best mechanics to take charge of his machinery here. J. L. Rose, of this place, spent several days in Harrodsburg last week. Frank Wilkerson, of Burgin, spent the election holidays in this place.

## IN TORNADOES.

Those living in portions of our country exposed to tornadoes will be glad to know that scientists tell us there is always warning of the approach of a tornado to those that are observant. Clouds may be seen hurrying together in the southwest and west a low, dull roar of the wind in those clouds may be perceived, while there is a great stillness and sultry heat in the air; all of which signs are sufficient to bid people look for safety. This safety they will never find in any easterly direction. One who faces the cloud as it comes should seek safety to the right. The only absolute safety, however, is to be found underground, in the cellar of the house, if it is a wooden house, as the storm will whirl off the beams and boards of the structure; but if it is a brick or stone house, the shattered walls will only trouble in the brick or stone house, moreover, will fall sooner than the wooden one, which yields and gives. In the tornado countries especially in the more open portions, there should be an underground place provided for refuge, with its roof arched and strengthened by masonry and beams, so that it cannot be broken in by anything heavy falling upon it.

COURTSES.—Indigent and seedy man (to severe-looking elderly lady)—"Please, m'm, would you be kind enough to give assistance to a poor man just out o' the hospital?"

Elderly Lady (sniffling the air)—"Go way, you bad man. You smell so strong of rum! I can fairly taste it!"

"Yon kin, m'm?"

"Yes, I can."

"I wish I had your smeller, m'm."

It will now be the proper thing for republican office-holders to learn the popular topical song, "I want a situation."

## DANVILLE.

A new furnace for heating purposes will be ready for use at the Baptist church Sunday. It cost \$150.

Jailer Shumate arrested Lafe Tilford Wednesday, charged with being concerned in stealing J. P. Carr's horse in Mercer county. Frank Dean, implicated in the same transaction, was arrested last Thursday. Tilford was taken to Harrodsburg Thursday morning.

Ben Brock was sent to the workhouse for 30 days Tuesday for stealing a coat and vest from James Cronin. He at first contended that he had bought them from Sam Kirk, but finally admitted it and admitted the theft. Brock is a young white man from near Somerset.

A residence belonging to B. H. Perkins, on Cemetery street, occupied by George Waters, burned accidentally on Tuesday at 2:30 o'clock. Loss \$2,000; insured in the Agricultural of Watertown, N. Y., for \$1,500. Mr. Waters saved most of his effects, some of them in a badly damaged condition.

Mr. E. H. Fox, who is to receive and post the weather bulletins, expects to have everything in readiness to begin Monday. A white flag will denote clear weather; blue flag rain or snow; half white and half blue, local rain; black triangular flag, temperature signal; white flag with black square in center, cold wave.

Messrs. E. H. Fox, G. H. Dolyns and G. D. Mahan, trustees of the Knights of Honor, have paid to Mrs. Malinda C. Temple, widow of Wm. P. Temple, \$2,000, the amount of Mr. Temple's policy in the order above mentioned. This policy cost less than \$300 and was paid in less than 30 days after the death of Mr. Temple.

## MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

A brother and brother-in-law of Miss Nannie Wright, of Louisville, made Joseph Keisel, of Carrollton, become the husband of that young lady at the point of a couple of pistols. Keisel had ruined the girl.

Invitations have been received here to the marriage of Mr. Luther B. Givens, formerly of this county, but now in the livery business at Harrodsburg, to Miss Lillie Young, a Versailles belle. The event occurs Thursday, Nov. 24.

Samuel Smith and wife, of Kent, O., fell out and parted 45 years ago. Each has married, but each of them was called on to mourn the loss of a life partner. Fate made them meet a few days ago and they began courting and were afterward married.

At Martin's Ferry, Ohio, Miss Lula Williams' wedding and her mother's death took place inside of 15 minutes. Mrs. Williams was expected to die and knowing that her daughter was to marry the next week, she made a request that she be permitted to witness the

STANFORD, KY., NOVEMBER 18, 1892

W. P. WALTON.

SIX : PAGES.  
EVERY FRIDAY.

Like the gallant old rooster that he is, Emmett Logan makes a specious plea for the women in the matter of post-offices. He thinks that as they can not sit astride a whisky barrel in a still-house, because they are not built that way, and as they make the best of post-masters, being as a rule free from speculation and peculation, they ought to be allowed this one chance to make a living. In the smaller offices we agree with the gentleman fully, but for the presidential offices we are inclined to the opinion that a man is better suited for them. We can expect and demand more from men and while it is a little more dangerous we can cuss them with more grace when things go wrong.

A census bulletin, just issued, notwithstanding the enumeration was made in June, 1890, says there are 1,590,462 whites and 268,173 negroes in Kentucky. The number of males exceed the females by 23,881, so it will be seen that if all the men want to marry they will have to deaden over the line into another State. However, a Kentuckian, used to beauty and loveliness of character in women, would hardly go to Ohio or Indiana. If that was the only alternative, they would gladly accept the latter part of Paul's remark, "They that marry do well, but they that marry not do better."

Speaking of the election of Hall to the circuit judgeship in the Middlesboro district, the Frankfort Capital says: "For good, old fashioned democracy, faithful through evil as through good report, go to the mountains of Kentucky. Though beaten time and again the mountain democrats are always ready for a fight." It was a hard fight they had to make, and a man from the district says it was gallantly made and names John B. Fish and C. W. Metcalf, of Pineville, as two of the men who did splendid work."

The president has appointed William Potter, of Pennsylvania, to be minister to Italy; David P. Thompson, of Oregon, to be minister to Turkey, and Edward C. Little, of Kansas, to be agent and consul general to Cairo, Egypt. It's a pity the government will have to pay these fellows' expenses to go to those points, to be ordered immediately back by Mr. Cleveland. The diplomatic service is a humbug, anyway, and we hope the New York Herald will succeed in its effort to have it abolished.

JAMES CHRISTIAN, who lives near High Bridge, has shown that he can not take a joke, and at the same time demonstrated that his neck would fit a halter very nicely. Two years ago Geo. Woods laughed at him because he was not enough of a mechanic to fix a reaping machine. It goaded his soul all the time since till Wednesday, when he met Woods and killed him. Mr. Christian deserves to be hung without judge, jury or the benefit of the clergy.

CLEVELAND carried Illinois over Harrison by 27,057, whereas the latter carried it four years ago by 22,195. To Chicago and Cook county are principally due the credit for this wonderful result and everybody will be gladder than ever that they got the World's Fair. They deserve that and all the other good things of life.

The directors of the Owensboro, Falls of Rough & Green River railroad, decided at their meeting Tuesday to extend the road through Grayson, Edmonson, Hart, Barren, Metcalf, Russell, Wayne, Whitley and Bell counties to Middlesboro, but as no surveys have been made yet, no one need get excited.

The Advocate claims to be the original Kentucky newspaper for Cleveland. We are of the opinion that the INTERIOR JOURNAL deserves that distinction, but as its editor does not want anything and perhaps the Danville man does, we will not "legitimize" on the subject.

The Ohio situation causes our good Presbyterian friend, Bre'r Logan, of the Louisville Times, to forget his early training long enough to remark: "Ohio is still in doubt and we have Joe Blackburn's word for it that, 'he who doubts is damned.' Damn Ohio."

The office of district attorney is one of the best Federal offices in the gift of the president and it will not go a begging in this State. Already Hon. P. Watt Hardin, J. A. Craft, C. J. Bronston and a legion of other good democrats are mentioned for the place.

ANGELO PETRILLO, who was hung on Tuesday at New Haven, Conn., for murder, began to cry "police" from the time the death warrant was read to him till the drop fell. As usual the police did not respond.

MR. WATTERSON has started out to deliver 150 lectures on "Money and Morals." The election seems to have cured his throat in short order.

The Kentucky democrats make one tired. There are scores of applicants for every position to be filled under the government and in nine cases out of ten the applicants are the least deserving from a political standpoint of any men in their community. In fact the commonest horses are entered in every race, it seeming to be the general opinion that the government ought to support those men who have been a failure in every business attempt they ever made. We can tell this class of gentry right now and here that Cleveland will not appoint them to anything if he finds out what manner of men they are.

GEN. WEAVER is a sanguine old soul. The fact that he carried in State or two has turned his head and he now claims that his so-called party holds the balance of power and urges a compact organization. He thinks the populists will elect the next president, but we'll let him a basket of Georgia rotten eggs that he is as much mistaken as if he had burned his shirt.

In none of the tables of votes do we find any reference to Gen. Bidwell. Can it be that the prohibition leaders did not get any votes in the late election, when he was promised a million? One thing is certain, he didn't carry a single State, and even Weaver can crow over him.

SENATOR CARLISLE is of the impression that the financial affairs of the country may render an extra session of Congress necessary, in which event Mr. Cleveland will not hesitate to call it. The senator does not think, however, that the tariff alone would furnish sufficient reason for the call.

EVERY one of the old pie-eaters are smacking their lips in anticipation of enjoying it for four years more, but it seems that they ought to be satisfied to let some of the other hungry fellows get a bite. A new deal all around, if you please, Mr. Cleveland.

An earthquake shook up California for a moment giving Cleveland a plurality after it seemed likely she would Harrison pulled through by the skin of his teeth, it seems.

THE Philadelphia Times thinks that Mr. Cleveland's plurality over Harrison will approach 550,000. We'll wager the \$15 in our inside pocket that it is over a million.

## NEWSY NOTES.

The Indiana democrats elected 11 out of 13 Congressmen.

J. T. G. Galt, a well-known stock broker of Louisville, is dead.

Harrison's plurality in Pennsylvania is 20,034 less than in 1888.

At Parkersburg, W. Va., W. P. Mooney ate a rat to pay an election bet.

The general assembly of Knights of Labor is in convention at St. Louis.

J. T. Sweasy, of Anderson, raised a cabbage stalk on which there were nine beads.

Gov. Brown has issued a proclamation recommending the observance of Thanksgiving day on Nov. 24.

The Queen of the Satellites will be chosen from the maids of honor on the evening of the ball this year.

Charlie Rank and Will Steen, both of Bucyrus, Ohio, were accidentally shot and killed while hunting Sunday.

Five cases of cholera are reported on the steamer Circassia, which is in the St. Lawrence river, 130 miles below Quebec.

John Hoey, until a year ago president and general manager of the Adams Express Company, is dead in New York.

Jesse Sykes, a farmer near Terre Haute, Ind., had a fit and fell while in his hog pen and was literally eaten up by the swine.

William Williams, a Pennsylvanian, borrowed \$600 to bet on Harrison's election. Unable to refund the money, he blew out his brains.

At Defiance, O., Danny Bucher committed suicide rather than go to school, where the boys teased him unmercifully because he stuttered.

Chairman Harrity says that the democrats of Pennsylvania contributed the most money to the campaign fund. The National Committee is entirely free from debt.

The Morgan Line steamer El Norte has broken all records between New York and New Orleans, making the trip from wharf to wharf in 4 days, 19 hours and 15 minutes.

At the meeting of the Tobacco Manufacturers' and Buyers' Association held at St. Louis, N. Finzer was elected president and F. R. Toewes secretary. Both of the honored gentlemen live in Louisville.

William Brady, of Covington, attempted to pay an election bet by swimming the Ohio river. He was taken with cramps and would have drowned had not assistance come to his rescue.

The body of Bob Slaughter, a noted desperado, was found partly devoured by hogs about 200 yards from the Belknap depot at Middlesboro. His death is a mystery and his taking off a happy riddance.

J. H. Rhodes, of Lewis county, became angered because his neighbor, Sam Timmin, rejoiced over the late election, and struck him over the head with a club, fracturing his skull so badly that his life is despaired of.

The Louisville Elks will soon erect a \$50,000 building in that city.

Lillian Emerson, widow of the poet, Ralph Waldo Emerson, is dead, aged 90 years.

The Court of Appeals is hearing the World's Fair case to compel Auditor Norman to pay the appropriation.

All trains on the Cincinnati Southern were delayed Monday by the caving in of a 900 foot tunnel near Harriman.

R. H. Cooper, book-keeper for J. H. Shrader, Louisville, is missing, as also is several hundred dollars of his employ-

Foothill is such a craze in the East that men stood in line all night in order to purchase tickets for the Yale Harvard match.

Presidents and owners of Southern railway and steamship lines met in New York to regulate transportation rates and stop rate cutting.

The Whisky Trust is reported to have purchased five more distilleries, located at Cincinnati, St. Louis, Nebraska City and Pekin, Ill.

Mrs Lucy McCoy, a saleswoman at the New York Store, Louisville, was struck by a cash box and knocked unconscious, from which she is still suffering.

Ex-United States Attorney General Gerlach is said to be desirous of securing his old place under Mr. Cleveland and his name will be presented by his Arkansas friends.

Mrs. Lease, of Kansas, has a hankering to be Senator and she says if the constitution does not prevent her she will represent the Grasshopper State at the National capital.

A non-unionist named Newman shot and killed a striker named Maynard at Carnegie's works at Homestead. Newman claims that Maynard attacked him while he was asleep.

William Saunders, a scene-shifter at the Buckingham, Louisville, received \$250 from England, took his friend, "St. Sloman, a waiter at the same place, out on a tear and was robbed.

At Chicago Charles Ryan, of Sycamore, Ill., shot and fatally wounded Eddie Hess and Frank Whittaker because the woman would not give up Whittaker for him, and then killed himself.

Albert Barnes, a merchant of Powell county, was assassinated by unknown persons while riding to his home, near Bowen. His body was riddled with rifle-balls. Barnes had recently been acquitted of the charge of murder.

In appraising the personal effects of the late Maj. D. E. Caldwell, former owner of the Lexington Transcript, a package of bills was found containing \$3,052. It was stored with some old bundles in an old wardrobe.

That Indiana man who made oath that he would move out of the State if it went democratic, come home the morning after the election and found his wife packing up the household goods. "Never mind, wife," he said, "there's no place to go."

The rural democrats met in a schoolhouse at Mountain View, Ark., to jollify, when two kegs of powder exploded and the building was wrecked. Three persons were killed and 15 badly injured, the main one barely escaping burning to death.

The general impression is that Tammany will get all the Federal patronage in New York that it desires, but a New York dispatch gives a statement from Mr. Thomas G. Shearman which is much at variance with this view. It deserves the tiger's share, however.

When the present administration came into power it found a surplus of nearly \$50,000,000. Upon going out it will leave a deficiency of many more millions than that and still the majority of republicans can see no cause to complain of President Harrison's administration.

The election of Cleveland and Stevenson, the preservation of an overwhelming majority in the House of Representatives and the rescue of the Senate from republican control were perhaps the most signal triumphs of the democratic party in the history of the Republic.

At Grand Rapids, Mich., D. A. Blodgett, worth \$7,200,000, divided his estate into three parts, giving one-third to his son, one-third to his son-in-law and his wife and retaining the other third for himself. He then retired from business, leaving his affairs in the hands of his son and son-in-law.

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

John Hill sold to John F. Cash a pair of work mules for \$275.

John F. Cash sold to Joe Embry for Morris 10 cattle, 1,518 pounds average, at 4c.

Robinson, of Garrard, bought in the Hulme vicinity a bunch of feeders at 24 to 27c.

A. M. Feland sold to J. H. Swope 15 acres of land for \$450 and to same party 60 acres at \$35.

R. L. Hubble sold and shipped yesterday to J. W. Cowder, Tennessee, 40 mule colts at \$45.

J. A. & S. T. Harris sold to Talton Embry for Morris, of Chicago, 32 cattle, averaging 1,475, at 4c.

A farmer near Galena, Ind., planted a single potato in his garden and from the hill he is said to have dug 34 pounds of potatoes.

James H. Enlow, near Amsterdam, Ind., last spring purchased a farm for \$1,500, and last week he sold the fruit of his apple orchard to a Chicago firm for \$1,500.

W. W. Venger, A. J. Rice, G. T. Grogginham, A. W. Riddle, A. D. Hughes, Bright Herring, J. S. Johnson, J. C. Fox, J. C. Keppler, H. F. Robinson, T. B. Robinson, Nixon Perkins, L. H. Bourne, T. C. Ward, F. T. Fox Jr., J. V. Cook, P. Bourne, William Hubble, S. J. Bourne, A. C. and G. R. Pope, C. J. Doty, S. H. Anderson, H. D. Aldridge, Merritt Spratt, M. S. Sandrett, G. H. Aldridge, John Bourne, R. B. Rice, John W. Miller, T. L. Broadus, C. C. Davis, James M. White, A. M. and E. S. Bourne, W. J. Ballard, Alex West, Fred West, J. J. Walker, T. D. Chestnut, Henry Walters, Jerry Bland, J. S. Gold, W. H. Herring, W. B. Moss, Mitchell Broadus, F. G. Aldridge, John Pope, John Drinnan, James Herring, M. A. Veager, F. S. Burdett, E. Miller, D. G. Spangler, Mrs. A. Haughn, James Underwood, Mrs. E. L. Owsley.

## "To Keep the Ball Rolling."

We are as ever in the lead this week with our banner unfurled as the "Leader of Prices."

## "THE : LOUISVILLE : STORE."

Our store is chock full on both floors with everything in the

## Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes and Clothing

Line and they must go in a hurry. 100 Mens' Jeans Coats this week only at \$1; 50 Mens' Overcoats this week only at \$2.50; 200 Boy's Knee Pants this week only at 25 cents. Every all wool suit and fine Overcoats reduced 20 per cent. as we have too many. Child's Overcoat \$1.25.

Men's Boot \$1.25 per pair, Custom made Boot. \$2.75 Full Stock, 2.00 do. Hand made do. 4.00

Ladies Button Shoe 90c., Ladies' Kid Shoe \$1. Also a complete line of

## Ladies' Gent's and Childrens' Underwear in Merino and Flannel.

Always bear in mind that we sell you goods at lower prices than any other house in Stanford.

LOUISVILLE STORE, A. Hays, Manager.

## SEASONABLE GOODS.

## Blankets, Comforts, Flannels, Yarns, Canton Flannels, Jeans, Underwear for All Ages,

Boots, Shoes, Hosiery, Gloves, Cloaks in all grades for Ladies, Misses and Children.

You will do yourself an injustice if you fail to examine our stock.

## SEVERANCE &amp; SON.

W. H. WEAREN

MRS. A. W. JAMES

## CALL AND SEE

—Our new line of—

## HEATING STOVES,

Coal Hods, Vases, Pokers, Shovels, Kitchen Sets, Zincs, Russia Iron Pipe, etc.

W. H. WEAREN & CO.

## FARRIS &amp; HARDIN,

.....Dealers In.....

## HARDWARE,

.....And.....

## STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

Queensware, Glassware, Tinware, Lamps, Chamber Sets, Dinner Sets. Also agents for the Empire Wheat Drill.

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Wheelbarrows, Cross Cut Saws, Fencing Wire and Staples, Baling Wire, Horse Shoes and Nice Toilet, Chamber and Dinner Sets.

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MCKINNEY BROS.

# SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., NOVEMBER 18, 1892

R. C. WALTON, Bus. Manager

## For Sale Privately.

Residence and 14 Acres of Land

On Danville pike 1 mile from Stanford. Also

A House and Lot in Stanford,

On Danville street.

MRS. FANNIE BUNN

E. STRAUB, JR.

T. P. CLARK.

## STRAUB & CO.,

PRACTICAL.

Plumbers and Steam Fitters.

Dealers in all kinds of Iron and Brass Goods for steam and water. Sanitary Goods of all kinds. All work guaranteed against defective material and workmanship.

## MARRIED IN HASTE



EVERY June, usually between the 1st and 15th, I make my vacation trip to the stock farm of George Barnhart, a few miles out of the thrifty little city of Marion, Ohio. It is always a business trip, but at the same time my chief pleasure is a twelve-months' George and I were seatmates in the log schoolhouse. Now he raises blooded horses for the city market, and I buy them. He is strictly honest and not a bit sporty, and his standing refusal of stock in my favor has thrown many hundreds of dollars my way. But George can afford it. He is worth half a million. My trip this year landed me at his hospitable door on the evening of Tuesday, the 7th. That evening we sat on the broad south porch of his handsome house, looking across a forty-acre meadow that sloped gently to the adjoining grove. Across this meadow, along a private roadway connecting the river road on the west with a pasture on the east, several farm hands were leading the \$50,000 worth of stock I had come to claim. They looked nice, of course, but George and I had fully discussed them by mail, and he never was fond of stable or paddock talk in a leisure hour.

"You asked me at supper how I came to give up graduating, and why I didn't study law," he observed. "You see that fury white object moving along the river road? Well, that covers the man who wrought the change. That's old Parson Baker, Sophia Barnhart's pastor, emeritus of Three Loosuit Methodist Episcopal church. He's mother's beneficiary and pensioner, and he'll be mine if mother goes before he does. He came into this country sixty years ago, as an exhorter, and he has ridden these roads more or less steadily ever since. He whaled father at the raising of his first log church for trying to make him take a drink of whisky, and they were the thickest kind of chums until father died. Father didn't marry until he was forty, and I am the only child. By the time I arrived father had accumulated what in those days was a fabulous fortune, three hundred thousand dollars, and he made it four hundred thousand dollars before I was of age. He wanted to make me a horse breeder, but I wanted law, and there we hitched. About a year before I should have finished at college, he wrote me a brief letter—the only one I ever had from him—conveying the information that if I knew what was good for me I would be married before I was twenty-one. That letter bothered me a great deal, because father was no bully, if he did try to have a little fun with the preacher, and I couldn't quite see the point between matrimony and stock raising. The letter contained not a word about education or the law. Anyhow my birthday and commencement day occurred the same week, and I thought I would risk the undesirable consequences of waiting, whatever they were.

"Two days before commencement father was stricken with apoplexy. He was unconscious when I got to the farm, and lived only a few hours. His last months had been marked by total incapacity for business and mother was nearly worn out with looking after things. We buried him on the day I was to have graduated, and two days before my twenty-first birthday, Old Parson Baker was away down on the other end of the circuit, and mother ordered that a simple burial service should be said by a local exhorter of our neighborhood, leaving the funeral sermon to be preached by Parson Baker on his next appointment, as was often done in those days, for there was not another Methodist circuit rider within forty miles that we knew of.

"That afternoon mother sent me to town after father's lawyer, who was also custodian of the will, of the contents of which I knew nothing, and mother scarcely more. The lawyer could not come out until the afternoon of the next day, which was the eve of my twenty-first birthday. When the will was opened it almost knocked me out. It left everything to mother, in trust for me on the sole condition that I was to be married within twenty-four hours after my graduation. If I did not graduate I was to be married by twelve o'clock noon on the day I became twenty-one years old. Moreover, if old Parson Baker was alive he was to do the job. In the event of my failure, for any cause, to meet these conditions I was to have one thousand dollars, and the rest, after mother's death, was to go to father's three nephews, who were plodding farmers in an adjacent county.

"Now here was a nice layout. I wasn't indissolubly attached to the idea of a legal career, but neither was I engaged, and the girl whom I had thought of in this connection was the daughter of a widow living down the road about two miles, whose face I had washed with snow and who had spelled me down in district school, both times innumerable. I had not seen her for a year and a half until she came to the funeral, but, as my good luck had it, she was then in the house. The lawyer assured me that the will was perfectly valid, as my father had been notoriously too smart for any other man in the county as a bargain driver, and no jury could be found to declare him of unsound mind.

"Parson Baker lived in a little village twenty-five miles down the pike, where there was neither railroad nor telegraph station. I explained the situation to the young lady, and she blushingly consented. Why shouldn't she? She had known me all her life, and there was \$400,000 and a reasonably good-looking husband in it.

"So far everything was easy. There

What was that, the crack of a pistol? His horse started at the sound and he saw the smoke floating away from the weapon in the cowboy's hand.

Whether the man did it out of meanness or really thought that by the shot he could control the actions of the cattle Trask did not have time to consider.

His pony reared and turned until no more control of the animal was possible. He had carried his rider far to the right of the herd when a sudden jerking of the back ("bucking" in western parlance) threw the colonel violently into the air and in a moment he was lying on the prairie with keen pain darting through his ankle. The pony was racing away westward.

Col. Trask did not faint. He sat up and looked about him and saw something that made him far more anxious than had the broken ankle.

"A man and a horse when combined are invincible among western cattle. A man or a horse alone has little chance of life. The brutes seem to consider either a legitimate target for the slender branching horns that are capable of so much damage."

The cattle saw the man sitting helpless on the prairie and were starting with bellows of rage in his direction.

This the colonel realized. What he did not see was the form of a well-poised woman on a handsome white horse that approached the cowboys. She wore a graceful riding-hat and had a strong womanly face that told of a capability for management.

"Who is that man out there?" she asked, as she saw Trask struggling with his frightened pony.

"I dunno," was the border's reply. "Some dude I think he kin herd Texas steers, I reckon."

"Look!" she cried, "the hoss fallen off and is hurt—and the cattle see him!"

The herder looked on with uneasiness. "Why don't you go to save him?" she asked with blanched lips.

The man gave a shrug with his broad shoulders and grunted the favorite motto of the ranchman. "A man's life is his own."

The woman looked intently at Trask, and seeing that he was in some way injured, threw riding hat and gloves to the wind and, ploughing the spur into her horse until the silvery white coat was flecked with red, rode furiously to the rescue.

The herder watched the race with staring eyes. The woman gained rapidly upon the trotting steers, but would she reach the stranger in time?

In a moment she was up to him and had leaped to the ground by his side. With almost superhuman strength she lifted his relaxed form and threw it over the saddle. Trask had fainted.

The angry cattle were not five rods away as with a bound she sprang to the horse's back, and, holding the limp stranger with one hand, lashed the horse with the other until they were out of danger.

Trask woke up in the unpainted room of the superintendent. He lay on a rude couch, and the tall, well-formed lady he had seen riding toward him was standing near.

"I would like to see Mr. Selton," he whispered as soon as he could speak.

"See whom?" Her voice was soft and low.

"The superintendent."

"I am the superintendent."

"But I want J. C. Selton."

"That is my name."

Weak as he was, Trask raised himself up in bed. "And have I been doing business through you all this time?" he gasped.

"If your name is Mr. Trask, as I am told it is, you certainly have."

The colonel mused much over his theory's working during those days in the cabin as he watched the workings of the ranch and waited for his broken limb to heal. As he considered how



"SHE LIFTED HIS RELAXED FORM."

well things were managed and how his life had been almost miraculously saved he was not entirely satisfied that the theory was a failure.

His friend, Richards, vice president of the company, accompanied him when few months later the colonel made another western trip.

"Honest if I don't think Trask has a mighty big interest in that woman superintendent, Jessie Selton," he remarked to himself, as he walked disconsolately back and forth smoking, on the night of their arrival at the ranch. "He has not spoken two words to me since we got here."

Just then he rounded the corner of the building. There was the colonel and beside him the superintendent. His arm was around her waist.

"Your proxy theory doesn't always work, Trask," stammered Richards, for want of something better to say.

"No," replied the colonel, in an embarrassed manner, "not in this case. We are to be married to-morrow."

C. M. HARGEN

*Pat's Password.*

Lover tells a good anecdote of an Irishman giving the password at the battle of Fontenoy, at the time Saxe was marshal.

"The password is Saxe; now don't forget it," said the colonel to Pat.

"Faix, and I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?"

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after he arrived at the post.

Pat looked as confident as possible, and, in a sort of whispered howl, replied: "Bags, yer honor."—The Grippe.

"So far everything was easy. There

## Mis-For-Tunes.

She was bemoaning her fate and lamenting that all her luck was bad luck.

"No, but it isn't," argued her more hopeful companion.

"Yes, it is, too," she insisted. "Mis-fortune is mine at every turn and misfortune follows me everywhere."

"That's only because you think so. Did it ever occur to you, my dear, that misfortune is two-thirds fortune?"

"It hadn't, but when she saw the point of the gag she laughed and after that she made her philosophy out of it and felt two thirds happier ever after.—Detroit Free Press.

Welcomeed by the Old Man.

Sue Deerling—I'm afraid papa was angry when you asked him for me, wasn't he, Jack, love?

Jack Hollow—Not at all. I asked if I knew any more respectable young men who would be likely to marry your five sisters, if properly coaxed.—Harper's Bazaar.

Just What He Wanted.

"I feel discouraged," said the young M. D., whose practice was slow in coming.

"You must have patience."

"Yes, I know. If I had patients I wouldn't be discouraged."—Truth.

Scriptural Authority.

Teacher—In what part of the Bible is it taught that a man should have only one wife?

Little Boy—I guess it's the part that says no man can serve two masters.—Good News.

Takes Time.

Jobson—I have a claim against the government. What lawyer would you advise me to retain?

Friend—It doesn't matter whom you select, only so he's young.—N. Y. Weekly.

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"What bothers me is learning what to say when I write it."—Harper's Young People.

Familiarity Breeds Contempt.

"So we've been stealing again," remarked Judge Duffy to an old offender who was arraigned for trial.

"Yes, your honor, and I reckon we will not get off as easy as we did the last time, will we, judge?"—Texas Siftings.

Summer in the South.

Ward Healey—"Ain't you want to make yer cross again de names ye're votin' for? See?"

Mickey Halligan—"No, I don't. Sure, I don't have to make no cross. I was educated, I was, an' I kin write me name wid any wan o' em!"—Puck.

Unappreciated Music.

"I'm sorry you don't like the new nurse," she said to her husband. "She is good about singing to the baby and keeping him quiet."

"Yes," was the reply, "that's just it. I'd rather hear the baby cry."—Boston Globe.

The Hard Part of It.

"It wasn't hard learning how to write," said Hobie one morning, when he was trying to write a letter to his father. "What bothers me is learning what to say when I write it."—Harper's Young People.

A Fond Adjunct.

"Who is that cross-looking old man in the corner?" asked the fair visitor who was looking through the offices.

"That," replied the editor, "is the man who writes our smart-child jokes."—Judge.

After the Wedding.

Mrs. Ketchen—I'll wager you what you like, the bride will wear the breeches.

Ketchen—I shouldn't wonder; I noticed she had on suspenders.—Puck.

An Unwholesome Appetite.

Sharpe—Lambly has a taste for infections.

Keefe—Well, I presume that is why he swallows ewe's milk that is told to him.

STANFORD KY., NOVEMBER 18, 1892

W. P. WALTON



### Junction City Marble & Granite Works

JUNCTION CITY, KY.

I have just erected a new Marble and Granite House and fully prepared to fill orders for a kind of Marble and Granite work. I have a large number of skilled workmen from the East, M. D. facilities can not be exceeded and I will not be undersold.

JOE S. WRIGHT



Having removed my Barber Shop to the Commercial Hotel, I am Prepared to Accommodate Ladies as well as Gentlemen, In anything they may wish to my best. Chis. also wanted on. Call or see.

JESSE THOMPSON,

In Commercial Hotel

## DO YOU WANT TO ADOPT A BABY?

May you think this is a new business, rendering it titles on application? It has been done before, however, but never have these traits been so well expressed as in this one. Everyone will exclaim, "Well! that's the sweetest baby I ever saw!" This little black-and-white engraving can give you but a faint idea of the exquisite original.



"I'M A DAISY."

which we propose to send to you, transportation paid. The little darling rests against a pillow, and is in the act of drawing off its pink socks, the mate of which has been pulled off. The head is perfectly perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exquisite reproductions of this greatest painting of life, Waugh (the most celebrated of modern painters), will be sent to us in time, who subscribe to Demarest's Family Magazine for 1893. The reproductions cannot be told from the original, which cost \$400, and are the same size (27x22 inches). The baby is the life-size, and is in full action, and is in a pose in preparation, to present to our subscribers during 1893, other great pictures by such artists as Percy Moran, Max Humphrey, Louis DeCosta, and others of world-fame. Don't you like to take a look at what we did during the last year? "A Yard of Sunshine," and "A White Horse Gruel," by the wife of President Harrison, and you will see what our promise means.

The Demarest's Family Magazine for 1893 will possess a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subjects. This will keep you company on all the topics of the day, and all the latest news and all the topics of interest about the world, besides furnishing interesting stories, history, both grave and gay, for the entertainment of all. The "Daisy" is a child of "Morning"; its fashion pages are perfect. We also give you, free of cost, all the papers you care to use during the year, and many other good things. Send in your subscription now, and get a full return for every dollar you give. Address the publisher, Demarest's Home, 15 East 16th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the magazine, send 10 cents for a specimen copy.

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## BAGS FOR CHRISTMAS

## A WORD IN SEASON ABOUT HOLIDAY GIFTS.

Take Time by the Forelock and Avoid the Rush—Practical Instructions for the Manufacturer of Pretty and Useful Products—Handkerchief Bags and Workbags. [Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.]

## BEE CELLARS.

What One Man Thinks About Ventilation for Bees.

A few years ago "subearth" ventilation of bee cellars was almost universally recommended. Nearly every one who built a bee cellar also burned 200 or 300 feet of drain tile; the outer end open to the air and the inner end entering the cellar. To connect the air from the cellar pipe, connecting with a stove pipe in the room above, extended down through the floor to within a few inches of the cellar bottom. The draft in the stove-pipe "pulled up" the air from the cellar, and more flowed in through the subearth pipe to take its place. On passing through the subearth pipe the air was warmed. If there was no stovepipe with which to connect the outlet pipe it was extended upward until it reached the open air. The air in the cellar, being warmer than the outside air, flowed out of the upper ventilator.

In order to keep the temperature even there was much opening and closing of the ventilating tubes. In cold weather it was often necessary to leave the openings closed several days, or even weeks. At such times it was noticed that the bees suffered no inconvenience. Not only this, but it was often noticed that when the ventilators were opened the rush of fresh, cool air aroused the bees and made them uneasy. Finally the ventilators were opened less and less—no matter how many one has, a new one is always acceptable.

One pretty bag, a suitable present for a child or its mother, is to be used for handkerchiefs and is made as follows: Cut two round pieces of pasteboard about seven inches in diameter and cut wadding the exact size, using two layers for the inside of the bag. Upon the wadding sprinkle sachet powder. Then lay the disks of wadding upon one of the pieces of pasteboard and hold them in place by covering the circle with cheese cloth. Cover the other circle with pale pink satin, of which the bag is made. This pink satin is very delicate-looking when the white roses (procured at a milliner's) encircle it.

The strip (just long enough to go around the circle) is turned over at the top to form a hem, at the lower edge of which a casing should be made by stitching the hem around twice on the machine, using pale pink sewing silk. In the casing put two white silk cords to draw up the bag. Then sew the strip to the lower pasteboard used for the bottom and afterward insert the scented circle, catching it in place with invisible stitches. Turning it right side out again, catch the roses all around the base of the bag; and the bag is done. I don't think any of my readers have a lady friend who would not be pleased to receive one of these dainty handkerchief bags.

Cut a round piece of wood six inches in diameter and cover one side with a piece of coarse linen, in the center of which embroider a monogram or initial in satin stitch, with yellow silk; the back of the board is neatly covered with the same as other material. Around one-half of the board, forming a semi-circle, are a number of small brass screw hooks about an inch apart, from which hang small bags, each 4 by 5 inches and prettily worked in odd letters with yellow silk, white thread, linen thread, colored thread, silk twist, pearl buttons, hooks and eyes or anything you desire. In each bag put a drawing cord of silk. Hang the board by a large brass ring, hidden under a huge bow of yellow ribbon at the top. These bags are very convenient, and may be made of almost any material.

For a fanbag purchase one yard and a half of No. 9 ribbon. Cut this in two and join lengthwise by a double row of small brass rings covered with embroidery silk the color of the ribbon. A single row of these rings borders each of the inner edges of the ribbon to within two inches of the ends of the ribbon which are to be fringed. This is doubled in the center and the sides joined. Ribbons are run through the rings at the top from either side, leaving them long enough to slip over the arm.

Serviceable and pretty little workbags are made by using for the foundation one of the small oblong baskets—about 4 by 6 inches—to be found at almost any shop where Japanese goods are kept. For the upper part of the bag procure two yards of dark yellow ribbon, No. 9, and ten yards of the same color a few shades lighter. Then cut these in twelve strips of equal length and join altogether. After they are all joined a hem 2½ inches deep is turned and finished with two rows of stitching one inch apart. The other edge is finished with a very narrow hem and fastened to the basket with invisible stitches. Ribbons run through the casing finish the bag.

Another pretty bag is made of two pieces of chamois, each 3 by 6 inches, which are painted around the edges with clover blossoms and leaves. The designs on the two pieces should be similar, but not exactly the same. A piece of india or chintz silk, matching the green of the clover leaf, four inches wide and one yard long, is gathered and connects the two pieces of chamois along the sides and across the bottom as a puff. A straight piece of silk six inches deep and the width of the bag is sewed to the bag. A hem two inches deep is turned with two rows of stitching for the ribbons which are green, matching the silk.

Still another lively bag is made of two shades of No. 12 old rose satin ribbon, one and two-thirds of a yard of each being used. The ribbons are cut into strips of ten inches and oversewed together, alternating the light and the dark. A bottom for the bag is made by covering a round piece of pasteboard with wadding sprinkled with sachet powder, and then covering both sides with old rose silk. The ribbon is narrowly hemmed on one side and sewed to the pasteboard. The top is hemmed and has a wide ruffle of soft lace and drawn strings of narrow ribbon.

The following remedy has been given for horses that are lame from dry hoofs. Remove the shoes and turn the horse to pasture. Wash the legs and hoofs with soap and water. When they are dry anoint both legs and hoofs with a mixture of equal parts of tallow and tar, rubbing it in well.

GERTRUDE WILLETT.

## Ought to Know.

"The Daily Bread is a good paper to work on, isn't it?" said the reporter with the cheered trousers.

"Yes," replied the reporter with the broad watch chain, "but it's peculiar. Just as sure as a man gets to doing good work and becomes worth something it flies him. I've been on that paper mighty near ten years," he added, retrospectively, "and I never knew it to keep a fellow that was worth a continental longer than about six months. That is, I—er—Chilanga Tribune.

He Reasoned It Out.

"Are you fellers going to play baseball again next season?" asked one of the boys.

"Yes," replied the other. "I've got a name for our club."

"What?"

"Amherstists."

"What for?"

"Cos' yer such bum throwers."—Washington Star.

## Hard Luck.

"What has happened to you? You look vexed."

"I should say so. This morning I was just going to be very angry about something when some one spoke to me, and I have been trying the whole day to think what I was going to be angry about, and I can't do it."—Texas Statesman.

## Why He Came Early.

Mother (sitting down just as the train starts)—Oh, would you mind changing seats with me, sir? My baby wants to look out of the window.

Mr. Haven Hartford (with sarcastic politeness)—With pleasure, madam. I have been saving the seat for him for half an hour. Life.

## He Ought to Know.

Prunella—I have heard that the steerage of an ocean steamer is a terrible place. Is it really so, Lord Lacland?

Lord Lacland—Why, how should I know?

Prunella—How did you get to America?—Truth.

## A Success.

Dr. Swing—So you read my book entitled "How to Cure Sleeplessness." What do you think of it?

Miss Flight—Oh, it worked like a charm. I went to sleep before I had read five pages.—Jury.

## A Promotion.

"I don't believe Tommy Jones and I'll be in the same geography class any more," said Boldy, "because I've been to Europe this year, and I'll know more about it than he does."—Harper's Young People.

## At a Housewarming.

Mrs. Critical—Carved woods and metal ornaments—such a lot of fret-work!

Mrs. Litteral—Yes, indeed; it's the most worrisome job to clean 'em!—Puck.

## A Baby's Peculiarities.

Young Mother—I wonder why the baby always wakes up crying?

Young Father (wearily)—I suppose he's mad because he's been making no trouble. —Good News.

## A Certain.

Foggs—Hello, old man, I hear that you are to marry Miss Duton.

Trotter—So did I. I'm going up now to ask her if the report is true.—N. Y. Herald.

## A Wild Banyan.

—Say, you call me a dude again and your epitaph will be made chiefly of two things—piano(s) and chaise(s).—Golden Days.

## Hard on the Dogs.

First Dog—We'll be tied up every Thursday and Saturday nights now.

Second Dog—What's up?

First Dog—That new dude that comes to see Miss Susie has money.—N. Y. Weekly.

## The Fish or, The Story?

Killjordan (with ten-pound pickerel)—Grindstone, ain't this a beauty? Caught it myself. What do you think of it?

Grindstone—Loader fishy, Killjordan. Looks fishy.—Chicago Tribune.

## Quoted Too Low.

Alas! For though I loved Miss Flora, I cannot think of mating.

I've looked it up, and, ah! I know.

What is her father's rating?

—Chicago News Record.

## His Interpretation.

Johnny—Mamma thinks I should live among deer people.

Papp—Is that so?

Johnny—Yes. She thinks I should be seen, not heard.—N. Y. Herald.

## A Threat.

"I hear bandits are holding your boy Peter for ransom."

"Na," returned the banker. "They threaten to send him back if I don't pay. I shall pay."—Puck.

## Bizarre.

"How very badly Mrs. Flash is over-dressed!"

"Yes; she presents quite a bazaar appearance!"—Puck.

## An Aching Void.

Cholly—Bah Jove, I've a dreadful pain in my head! Can you suggest a remedy?

Slinkers—Yes, have it filled.—Truth.

## The Consolations of Matrimony.

She—I suppose you would have been happier if you had not married me?

He—Yes, darling, but I wouldn't have known it.—Life.

## \$500 REWARD.

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Diarrhoea, St. Vitamins, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we can not cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable and never fail to give satisfaction. Large quantities of the pills are now in stock, and are to be had at all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by The John G. Penn Co., Chicago, Ill. For sale by A. R. Penny.

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The most Celebrated Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and Chronic Disease Specialist in the State.



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Now Examining Physician of the Southern Medical Institute, LOUISVILLE, K.Y.

Will be at Myers House, STANFORD Tuesday, Dec. 6, and until Noon of 7th.

Returning every four weeks during the year Dr. Appleman is a graduate of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York City, and the Electrical Medical College, Toronto, Canada. He has made a specialty of the diseases treated in hospitals, especially those of the Southern Hospital for several years and is now engaged in the treatment of chronic diseases. He devotes all his time to the treatment of chronic and nervous diseases of horses, and his skill as an expert in the class of cases is well-known.

Treat successfully, and

## Permanently Cures

# SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., NOVEMBER 13, 1892

R. C. WALTON, Bus. Manager

## MEANS BUSINESS.

ENGRAVING beautifully and artistically done at A. R. Penny's.

Buy your books and school supplies of all kinds from A. R. Penny, who sells them at publisher's price.

Have your watch, clock, and jewelry repaired at A. R. Penny's. All work warranted.

Remember that all silverware, watches, rings, &c., bought at A. R. Penny's will be engraved free of charge.

## PERSONAL POINTS.

Mrs. WM. MORELAND is visiting relatives in Nicholasville.

Mr. W. F. RAMSEY and son Jesse went to Lexington Wednesday.

Mrs. F. L. SHIMMEL, of Shelly City, visited friends here Tuesday.

Mr. S. S. MYERS, who is now located in Louisville, was in town this week.

Dr. G. GOLDSTEIN, the optician, will be here Monday for a couple of days.

Mt. E. D. KENNEDY is in this section ascertaining the wealth of our people.

MISS MAGGIE McCRAWLEY, of Louisville, is visiting Miss Octavia Sizemore.

MISS LIZZIE DUNN, of Danville, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. S. Bangham.

Mrs. J. W. ALCON and daughter, Miss Annie, are in Louisville on a shopping tour.

MR. GEO. SNYDER, of Louisville, was the guest of Judge W. R. Carson Wednesday.

Louis P. Cook shook Kentucky dust off his feet and left Tuesday for Indian Territory.

MISS MARY VARNON went up to the mountains Tuesday to see about her land interests.

MISS JENNI COOPER is spending a few days with Miss Jennie McKinney, in the West End.

MISS KATE BOGLE, of Hustonville, was here visiting her sister, Miss Belle Bogle, the latter part of last week — Somerset Republican.

MISS HELEN SAUERLY went to Danville Tuesday to visit the family of Mr. J. S. Christian.

MRS. J. E. CARSON and D. G. Slaughter returned yesterday from a trip to Louisville.

MR. MONROE CURTIS has decided to remove with his family to Springfield, Ill., and will sell his property Dec. 2.

MISS LIS LITHWICK, who has been the guest of Miss Jamie Feland, returned on Wednesday to her home in Louisville.

MR. B. J. C. HOWE returned Wednesday from his home at Indianapolis, accompanied by his son, Mr. Pearl Howe.

MRS. C. H. BAKER and C. W. TERRY, of Highland, went to Cincinnati Wednesday to replenish their stock of winter goods.

MR. R. C. FORD and his pretty bride, who was Miss Emma Garrard, passed through on Tuesday's train for Florida, where they will remain till Jan. 1st.

DR. HENRY REIN and Mrs. Bettie P. Aldford went to Louisville Wednesday to have Dr. Cheatham examine the latter's ear, which has recently given her much trouble.

## CITY AND VICINITY.

AT CUTTERS at McKinney Bros'.

PRESENTS for all at Danks, the Jeweler's.

FOR RENT.—A cottage on Mill street, apply to Will Matheny, or at this office.

WANTED.—200 pounds of butter at once. Will pay 20 cents per pound, McKinney Bros.

A very "undesirable" residence and store-room in Stanford for sale. Apply at corner Main and Somerset streets.

We are in need of money and would appreciate the payment of accounts that are due and past due. Sime & Menefee.

The inspection car passed down to Louisville Wednesday. All of the superintendents, including Mr. J. L. McKinney, were on board.

The Polaski democrats will ratify Nov. 23. There will be speaking by many distinguished orators, horseback parades and a big display of the works.

ANOTHER FIRE.—While the big fire was raging Joe Chenant's house, in Makleville, caught fire on the roof, but by prompt and energetic action it was put out before much damage was done, save the pulling off of shingles and the hasty removal of furniture.

JACK OHNIN caught it in the neck at the East St. Louis track, where he was acting as starter. He was about to stick his famous knife into a man when a policeman fired at him. The wound, while painful, is not necessarily fatal. Ohnин swears vengeance and says he will start a private graveyard for all implicated in this matter.

SOLD OUT.—Rev. R. B. Mahony didn't stay in the coal business long. He has sold out his interests, including a wagon and team, coal-house, etc., to Higgins & Watts for \$575, or \$75 more than he paid for it. The purchasers will use the office. Mr. Mahony had put up, but their headquarters will be found at the old stand near the depot.

BABY, the wife of Hollis Carrler, is a girl.

If you got your watch wet in the recent fire, take it to Danks for repairs.

CAN LOAD of lime, cement and plaster just received at W. H. Warren & Co.'s.

Just opened an elegant line of ladies' muffles and bows. Severance & Son.

WANTED.—100,000 dozen eggs. Will pay 22 cents per dozen. W. H. Warren & Co.

TAKE your eggs to B. F. Jones' Great Bargain Store and get 21 cents per dozen for them.

CANDY PULLING.—The Misses Bangham gave a candy pulling Tuesday night. A number of their friends were invited and all had a good time.

SHERRIFF MENEFEE'S LOSS.—That fruitful source of fires, the kitchen fire, has gotten in its work again and the handsome residence of Sheriff J. N. Menefee lies in ruins. The alarm was sounded at 9 a. m. yesterday and in an almost incredible short space of time the fire company had their apparatus headed for it. It was a quarter of a mile distant, but in three minutes by the watch two sheets of water were playing on the fire, which had gotten under too much headway to be put out. The house was frame and dry as tinder and the flames leaped out of every nook and corner, fanned by a wind that blew a gale. The boys worked with a will and considering their inexperience, a fire was never fought harder. The trouble was that there were too many men giving orders, whose voices drowned that of the chief, J. M. Bruce. A considerable portion of the furniture, valued at \$1,200, \$800 of which had just been purchased, and upon which there was no insurance, was saved in a very bad condition. The house, which with the lot was recently bought by Mr. Menefee from Mrs. Mary Miller, for \$5,000, was insured in the London & Liverpool & Globe for \$3,000, leaving the less at about \$2,000. Mr. Menefee was absent and did not arrive till all was over. He had only moved his family into the house last month and his inability to have the insurance on his furniture transferred kept him from insuring it at all. Had the alarm been given sooner the building might have been saved, as it was the boys demonstrated their ability to cope with a big fire by putting it out entirely before the outside walls were consumed. The water came down with such a pressure that the white men were powerless to hold the nozzle, but such stalwart colored citizens as Jim Banks, Leon Hansford and others held it like grim death and did most excellent work.

MR. C. J. THOMPSON has a fine St. Bernard dog that earns his living otherwise than as a house watch. He will carry a market basket wherever he is told and will deliver a note with as much care as the average colored boy.

MR. I. M. BRUCE is building a nice cottage on his land adjoining Mr. A. G. Huffmon, on East Main street, and will in the near future put up several more. You can't count on your fingers and toes the number of houses going up in this best town in Kentucky.

WHITE working on a scaffold at W. H. Traynor's distillery, Store keeper John Duncan, of Lancaster, and Harry Stone fell to the ground, a distance of 12 or 14 feet, and were both badly bruised. Mr. Stone is unable to walk, but fortunately it is from a strain rather than a broken limb.

JAMES LOGAN, colored, was tried before Judge J. A. Chappell, at Rowland, Wednesday, for attempting to rape Mary Mullins, a respectable colored girl of Rowland. He was held over till circuit court and his bond placed at \$200. Failing to give it he was placed in jail to await the next term.

No doubt there are some persons who think because we are the only coal dealers here that the price of coal will be raised. This is not the case. Pure Jetton coal of the finest grade is still selling at 13 cents, which only nets us one cent on the pound, and which is as little. It seems, as the public ought to expect, Higgins & Watts.

A thief, who was perhaps a little dry, effected entrance to Henry Hester's retail house Tuesday night by pulling a staple, and took therefrom about 30 gallons of whisky and some 20 gallons of brandy. Mr. Hester suspected Jim Bay, a Lancaster darkey, and after securing a writ, went to his home and searched it, but did not succeed in finding any trace of his liquor.

The Danville people write that they do not want the celebration there, which was proposed for the four counties of this judicial district. It is more than probable also that none will be had here. It is a useless expenditure of time and money, for God and everybody else knows that the Stanford democrats are filled with thankfulness without burning powder and wasting oratory to show it.

THE Legislature is again in session doing nothing as heretofore, but we are not altogether miserable. The Frankfort Capital, which has to issue daily during the session, is a big recompense for the ill with which the other thing afflicts us, and dear old Poldy seems to have taken on a completely new lease of life since the famous victory. Here's looking at you, old boy, and hoping you may get anything and everything you want in the way of a government office.

The new constitution requires that the persons holding property shall list it at its actual value—what it would bring at sale. Parties are sworn to give in their property at that rate and are required to make oath to the truthfulness of their statement. Please have your list made out so that there will be no detention when I call on you. My time for taking the assessment is much shorter than it was under the old constitution. E. B. Kennedy, Assessor.

THE Kentucky Society of Veterans of the Mexican War held a meeting in the Senate chamber, Frankfort, Capt. J. H. McBryer, vice-president, presiding. Addresses were delivered by Hon. Geo. T. Halbert and Speaker Moore, which were listened to with much appreciation. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, John H. McBryer, of Anderson county; vice-presidents, George T. Halbert, of Lewis, and Gen. W. J. Landrum, of Garrard; secretary, John G. Craddock, of Paris, corresponding secretary, Alexander Williamson, of Cynthia. Stanford was agreed upon as the next place of meeting, and J. S. Bosley and Reuben Williams, of Lincoln county, were appointed a committee to arrange for and fix the date of the meeting.

JACK OHNIN caught it in the neck at the East St. Louis track, where he was acting as starter. He was about to stick his famous knife into a man when a policeman fired at him. The wound, while painful, is not necessarily fatal. Ohnин swears vengeance and says he will start a private graveyard for all implicated in this matter.

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OUR CLOAK STOCK, by recent purchase, is still complete. Severance & Son.

FOR RENT.—Two rooms over Severance & Son's store. Apply to Will N. Craig or Dr. Steele Bailey.

MR. C. D. POWELL'S store was burglarized Wednesday night and his cash drawer relieved of about \$5 in change. No goods are missing and the thief was evidently after money only. Entrance was effected through the window.

LETTER his statements should be taken with a dose of salt, a candidate for the Crab Orchard post office has announced the fact in huge posters stuck on the outer walls. As your Uncle Dave Hill announced last midwinter, the man who wants an office must seek it and not wait to be sought by it.—Lexington Times.

SHERIFF MENEFEE'S LOSS.—That fruitful source of fires, the kitchen fire, has gotten in its work again and the handsome residence of Sheriff J. N. Menefee lies in ruins. The alarm was sounded at 9 a. m. yesterday and in an almost

incredible short space of time the fire company had their apparatus headed for it. It was a quarter of a mile distant, but in three minutes by the watch two sheets of water were playing on the fire, which had gotten under too much headway to be put out.

THE HARRODSBURG SAYINGS has a good picture of Judge John W. Hughes, the popular applicant for revenue collector.

A THIEF broke the lock of Higgins & Watts' office, Wednesday night, but did not enter, evidently being scared off before he accomplished his object.

THE iron front of the new buildings will be up in a day or two and the balance of the work will be done in short order. They will be far the handsomest of any of our business houses.

JOSEPH C. FRANK, "that Lancaster preacher," who, it was reported on good authority, said that the bar-rooms would open the next day after the election, if Saunday was chosen, writes that he did not say it. We accept his statement, though the charge came mighty straight.

YESTERDAY was all sorts of a day. The sun shone, the wind blew and the rains fell, making it very disagreeable generally.

It will be better to-day, even if it is colder. The signal service telegraphed this office last afternoon as follows:

"Fair, colder to-morrow. Hoist the cold wave signal," and here she is.

KILLED.—While uncoupling freight cars at Berea, on the K. C., Frank Bailey, a conductor, was run over and crushed, dying four hours later. Bailey was about 40 years of age and came from the West recently, and this was his first trip. He was a Knight Templar from Centralia, Iowa, where his family are located. He was a brother of Capt. S. M. Bailey, who ran on the Richmond Branch some time.

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